

## 1000 nights by MoskaFleur, Nimueh

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Angst with a Happy Ending, Attempt at Humor, Bachelor Party, Canon Gay Character, Denial of Feelings, Drinking Games, Drunken Kissing, Drunken Shenanigans, Drunkenness, Fluff and Angst, Gay, Gay Richie Tozier, Heavy Drinking, Inspired by Roleplay/ Roleplay Adaptation, Las Vegas, M/M, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Self-Denial, Stanley Uris Knows All, Stanley Uris Loves Patricia Blum Uris, ben and bev are a side pairing, drag bill denbrough challenge, eddie was never injured in the first place, everyone survived, mentions of vomit and piss, mike hanlon deserved a personality challenge, stan is alive

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

It had started off as a joke. That morning, less than a month ago, when Bev dropped the bombshell that she and Ben were getting married. It had been just five months after the reunion; she just simply sent a picture of a pale, freckled hand wearing an engagement ring to the group chat they all shared, and it went off. Richie's phone screen quickly became an emoji festival.

# 1000 nights

## Author's Note:

This came from a role-play between us, inspired by a prompt I came up with on twitter because the idea was just too funny to me (Moska).

Moska = Richie

Nimueh = Eddie

It had started off as a joke. That morning, less than a month ago, when Bev dropped the bombshell that she and Ben were getting married. It had been just five months after the reunion; she just simply sent a picture of a pale, freckled hand wearing an engagement ring to the group chat they all shared, and it went off. Richie's phone screen quickly became an emoji festival.

B-B-Bill, 11:25am: Congratulations guys 🎉

Eds, 11:26am: Happy for you!

Richie, 11:27am: Oh. My. God.

Mike, 11:27am: □□□□□

Richie, 11:27am: 🍷 that shit looks heavy

Richie, 11:27am: 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷

Mike, 11:28am: 🍷□🍷

Stan the Man, 11:29am: you forgot 🍷□

Richie, 11:29am: 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷

Stan the Man, 11:30am: Congratulations! From Patty too

Ben, 11:31am: Thanks guys! ❤️□

Richie, 11:31am: 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷

Richie, 11:32am: issa partaaay 🎈

Bev, 11:33am: you bring a red balloon to our wedding, I'll cut you

Eds, 11:34am: here, you can have mine 🔪

Mike, 11:35am: WAIT

Stan the Man, 11:35am: ...

Mike, 11:36am: Bachelor party in Las Vegas, amirite????!!

B-B-Bill, 11:37: Mike...

Eds, 11:36am: NO.

Richie, 11:36am: YES!

Ben, 11:37am: I've never been to Las Vegas.

Mike, 11:38am: he's never been to Las Vegas, I've never been to Las Vegas...

B-B-Bill, 11:39am: you'll regret this

Mike, 11:40am: you owe me, I stayed for 27 years in the dullest town of the US for your sorry asses

Bev, 11:42am: he's got a point

Eds, 11:43am: \*sighs\*

Richie, 11:44am: it's ooooooon 📱📱📱📱📱

Stan, 11:45am: \*Stan has left the chat\*

So now Richie is very unironically driving to Las Vegas, tapping on the wheel as nervousness kicks in at the prospect of seeing Eddie for the first time in six months. He hadn't think this through.

"So, what's the plan here? Strippers? Gambling? Hard drugs? Arson? I'm game if you are, you know me." Richie jokes. And Ben gives him a look that says '*beep beep, Richie*'. "I'm just saying this happens once in

a lifetime. And I mean it, because they might not let us come back after we're done with the place. Man, I might be 40 but we've already missed three group bachelor's parties at this point, this is our last chance to enjoy one."

Ben muses over the statement. "What about yours? Don't you see yourself tying the knot?" He adds playfully.

"I don't wanna sound dramatic but I'd rather shove a broom up my ass and walk to Michigan" he replies and Ben laughs.

There's a brief pause. "I'm surprised Bev isn't coming, it feels weird that she's not around"

Ben sighs. "I know, but she was okay with it, being a dudes' night and all. She's doing the same with Patty and some of her friends. It's just one night, right? Come on, you shouldn't make me feel guilty, you're her... Man-of-honor?"

Richie's eyes are on the road. They've been driving for a while now, he's a bit tired. "No guilt, sir, just wondering. But if you're both alright with it..."

"How's Eddie?" Ben interrupts, and it's like a iced-water bucket fell on his shoulders.

"Dunno, man, he hasn't been exactly chatty lately... something up?"

"Nothing in particular, he's been kinda quiet for a few months but he didn't put much resistance to this plan... Knowing him? I don't know, felt kinda weird. Figured you might know more since you've always been... You know, closer"

Richie glances briefly at him. Ben's staring at the road, distracted. Richie fixes his eyes on it too but his pulse quickens a bit. "What's that even mean, 'closer'?"

"Well, you know-" Ben doesn't even get to finish the sentence.

They both share a look and Richie just *knows*.

They share another look and Ben looks guilty. He knows.

"Jesus Christ..." Richie mutters turning to the road again.

Ben can tell the air is thick. Richie is uncomfortable. Maybe a bit pissed at Bev. "In her defense... I'll say I should've seen it coming back then. It was just... The natural progression of things, nothing weird or wrong with it, Rich, really"

Richie sighs. "Well, you're all ruining my coming out speech. That's also considered a hate crime. Somewhere. Probably."

Ben laughs and pats him on the shoulder. And it's like the weight in his chest is lighter.

"So... no strippers?"

"Nope"

The rest of the trip goes smoothly; they stop to eat and Ben takes the wheel for the remaining of the journey. He doesn't bring up Eddie again, for which Richie is grateful, but he can't help thinking about what he said.

*Since you've always been... you know, closer.*

He shakes off the thought, bringing out the phone to call Stan. He picks up almost instantly.

"Stan, mah man!"

"Aren't you supposed to be driving?" Stan says on the other end.

"Bold of you to assume I can't do both" Riche says, and he could swear Stan is rolling his eyes "But no, Ben is, I'm just chilling"

"So..." Stan says "is there a purpose to your call or are you just bored?"

"I'm not bored, Ben is fantastic company" he doesn't look at Ben, but he can see him shake his head and smile from the corner of his eye "Just wanted to know if you were already there"

"I am. Mike's here too"

“HI MIKE!!!” Richie says, way too loudly.

Ben winces.

“He can't hear you. That's not how phones work” but his voice sounds much further than before.

“Hi Rich” Mike says now.

“See? It worked”

“Stan is currently walking away”

“That's fine, just wanted to let you know we'll be there in... 30?” then glances at Ben, looking for confirmation. He nods. “Yes, Ben says 30”

“Great, we'll meet you at the lobby”

“Laterz”

“Bye Rich”

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Eddie takes a deep breath as he steps through the main door of the hotel they're staying in. They've kept in touch for the last six months, sending the occasional message through the whatsapp group Bev had created. It's not enough to calm Eddie down, though. Seeing them in person again is much more real and tangible than exchanging casual information over the phone.

The lobby looks pretty crowded at this time, but that just might be because he's in Las Vegas and that is the normal state of the place. He spots Ben in a table across the bar, alongside him there's Mike, Stan, Bill and Richie. All talking and laughing like they hadn't been apart for most of their lives, it's very much like the night of the reunion.

Mike notices him standing there and waves at him. Eddie makes his way through the crowd, and when he gets to the table, they're all standing up to greet him.

Bill wraps his arms around him in a hug “Good to see you, man”

Mike follows, not even waiting for Bill to pull apart. It's too much physical contact in too little time. He needs some distance. Ben reads his face and simply pats him on the shoulder, while Stan offers his hand to shake. He's always been the polite one of them all.

"Glad not to be the last one to show up, like last time" says Stan, and Eddie laughs awkwardly.

Richie stands right beside him, and Eddie hopes he doesn't look as uncomfortable as he did back at the restaurant.

"Hey Eds" Richie says, but does nothing else. No handshake, no patting, no hug. He simply waves at him.

He wants to say *Don't call me Eds* but refrains himself from doing it. They've just got together-- like five minutes ago, he'll wait a bit more before starting a fight.

"Hey Richie" he says back, contained and awkward.

"Okay," Mike says after clapping his hands "now that we're all together, let's get this party started!"

Stan looks at him with a frown "Who are you?"

"Right now? My favorite person" Richie cuts in, and Mike grins at him in response "Let's get fucking hammered!"

It doesn't sound like the worst idea in the world.

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Richie orders 5 shots per person and they set them on a line in front of each one of them. Eddie and Stan spend more than 10 seconds making sure they're aligned. The game is simple: each shot is question opportunity, so every time you ask one, you have to drink one of your shots, and if you get asked a question but don't give an answer, you have to drink too.

Richie switches to one of his British grave voices and says "Gentlemen, shall we begin? Bill, my dear, why don't you tell us about this new book you so proudly published last week?"

Bill clears his throat and sits up straight "It's uhm-- It's wuh-weird because I s-s-started writing it buh-before Mike called and afterwards it was hard fuh-fuh-for me t-to finish it. I'm afraid it d-d-didn't turn out as it should've. But it's selling fah-fah-fine"

Richie nods, proud. "Can't be that bad, your problem is you always kill the ones who deserve to live, man. You can't make everyone love a character just to kill them afterwards."

Bill is about to protest but Richie keeps talking. "You see, Billy boy, you can do that once, maybe even twice. But if you do that in every book it starts to get boring" He chugs a shot and smiles at Bill, who seems insulted.

"Y-y-you think my stuff is boring?!"

"Not all of it, but come on, you gotta know that something's up. Stop killing your characters, man"

"I think it's weird that you always kill the gay ones" Stan intervenes and Richie points at him with his finger and mouths 'my man' and then turns to Bill again.

"N-n-not all of t-t-them were gay!" Bill protests and Stan gives him *'the look'*.

Richie lets his butt slide over the chair until he's in a very strangely comfortable position. "See, I'm not the only one, Bill. They know what's up."

"Mike, you're o-o-on my side, right?" Bill pleads, but Mike mirrors Stan expression.

"Sorry, man, can't help you" and laughs quietly.

"Oh, come on, you can't be serious, some of them weren't gay, they're just friends"

"Bill, Big Bill, my man, that's the most homophobic shit you could say at the moment. Knights of the Round Table, I hereby declare that Bill is to be shunned for 10 minutes, due to a life of writing gay deaths."



Bill shrugs defeatedly and Richie moves to push one of Bill's shots closer to him. "Drink one, you earned it, man"

Bill drinks it and coughs a bit, whatever they're drinking it's strong. "H-h-how come you're bullying m-m-me and not Eddie, fuck off!"

Richie turns to Eddie in that instant and Eddie squints at him as if saying '*try me bitch*' and there's nothing Richie wants more.

Richie leans closer to Eddie, who's sitting in the lounge chair next to his. "I'm just gonna go with what we're all thinking here..."

There's a pause, and Eddie swallows and prays that it went unnoticed.

"... Any awesome risks analysed lately?" A crumpled napkin thrown by Stan hits Richie in the face.

"Fuck off" he says with a fake smile.

"You just wasted a question to make that joke, and it's not even funny" Stan calls him out.

"Woh woh, hold your horses" he says as he points his head at Eddie "He hasn't answered" then winks at him "Drink up, Eds"

Eddie glares at him "Don't call--"

--me Eds" Richie finishes "Geez, you're getting repetitive, man" but then smiles and cocks an eyebrow at him "Come on, take the shot"

In response, Eddie shoots daggers at him but grabs the shot and chugs it down in one go, never taking his eyes away from Richie.

For the first time, Richie is thankful that he's 40 because otherwise that look alone would've been enough to give him a boner. Richie drinks too, since he made the question. 3 more to go.

"My turn" Mike cuts in, and Richie turns his attention to him. "Ben"

"Oh" Richie says "Interesting"

Ben looks up, shifts on his seat and braces for the question.

"I'm ready"

"I'm sure we're all dying to know how Big Ben--" Richie gasps, and mouths at Bill *'I call him that'*, "--is in the bedroom"

Bill would have spit out his drink had he been drinking; but because he hadn't, he just chokes on his saliva.

"So... the question is..."

Ben is already sinking in his seat, blushing to the tip of his ears.

"Mr. Hanscom, are you a top or a bottom?"

Eddie's eyes widen, his mouth drops. That's a question he'd never expect coming from Mike. He looks at Ben, who is absurdly red.

Richie can barely refrain himself "Mike, my man, I could kiss you right now".

Mike grins at him and nods in a way that all but says *'you're welcome'*.

"Please, don't" begs Stan, who looks like he'd rather be anywhere else.

When the attention returns to Ben he lowers his head, averting everyone's gaze. He rubs his hand over his knee, "I don't know-- we don't-- we're versatile, man, I don't know"

Stan covers his face with his hands. "Someone ask another question, please, end this man's suffering"

Richie cackles, "You fucking liar, Bev clearly tops your sorry ass and you know it. That's my girl!"

Ben stifles a laugh but ends up drinking, even though he answered. He'll need the alcohol to get through the night.

Bill nudges Mike's side "Y-y-you have tuh-tuh-to drink t-too"

Mike takes the shot, brings it closer to his mouth and smiles proudly

right before downing it.

“Who's next?” says Mike, as he sets down the shot glass.

There's a brief silence, in which Richie glances at his shots, deciding whether using one of his questions now or later. Eddie interrupts his thoughts when he says, “I'll go”.

“You?” Richie asks, skeptical.

“Yes,” and bites back, “what's the problem, asshole?”

Richie simply smiles and bows his head as if saying go ahead.

With an exasperated sigh, Eddie turns his gaze away from Richie and sets it on Stan.

“My question is for Stan”

Stan's hands, which were still covering his face, run slowly down his face until Eddie can look him in the eye. He won't put up with a question like the one Mike just asked Ben, and that's fine, because Eddie doesn't want to ask that type of question. That's why he chose Stan, Stan is safe, and having Stan on your side is always good.

“Best bird documentary you've seen since we last saw each other?”

Richie throws out his arms, “Wasn't there an even more boring question? I've grown old just by listening the words ‘*best bird documentary*’” then to Mike, in an old lady voice “can you pass me my pill box, love”

Mike laughs, unrestrained, while Ben fights to repress a chuckle.

Stan looks like he could kill him, but Eddie is the one to speak. “Shut the fuck up, Richie”

Ignoring Richie, Stan says to Eddie (and just to Eddie), “Thank you for asking. There's actually a very interesting mexican documentary--it's called *Birders*, and it just came out this year... It's on Netflix”

Eddie nods as Stan speaks, not because he's actually that interested,

but because he knows it annoys Richie. When Stan's done speaking, no one has to remind him to drink his shot.

It goes on like that for a while. Someone asks a question, someone answers (or doesn't) and the amount of shots before them is cut by less than half quicker than expected. Richie is having the time of his life, bending over with laughter and saving his last shots for something good. And for some reason, Eddie can't stand it. It might be because he suspects (and he has every reason to) that he's going to use them against him. He knows Richie, and Richie knows him, probably better than anyone. He aimed straight to the core of Eddie's insecurities back at the Jade of the Orient, he has no doubt he's going to do it again. The only way to avoid that is to make him run out of opportunities; so he asks a question and hopes for the best outcome.

"Hey, asshole"

Richie is already looking at him, an instant reaction to the insult he knows belongs mostly to him when Eddie says it.

"I have a question for you" he's starting to drawl a little bit, alcohol already kicking in, and it's in that moment that he realises he's really not used to drink. He's only two shots down, for god's sake.

"Shoot, Spaghetti-man" he teases.

Richie exudes confidence, smiling smugly at him. He doesn't know if it comes from the alcohol or from some type of narcissism but, either way, Eddie wants to wipe that smile from his face.

"Are you still doing stand-up after the big fuck-up?" he feels the rest of the guys tense up, but it doesn't stop him. "Any gigs in the foreseeable future?"

"Why, Eddie, my love, you think something like that could stop me and my trashmouth?"

Eddie doesn't let his gaze waver.

"Because it kind of did" Richie laughs, but it's bitter. "I kind of broke my contract when I went to Derry... lost a lot of money and shit. And to be honest with you, guys, I didn't feel like I could keep up that

stage persona. I'm... I'm taking a break. Let's just leave it at that." He takes a shot and gulps it down like water.

"You didn't have to drink it" Eddie says.

"Oh, I wanted to" Richie laughs and his eyes set on Eddie's, back to being playful. And yet, he would swear they look almost sad. Eddie's determination falters at that. He feels kind of guilty now, so he shakes the feeling off by downing his shot.

There's a brief silence, just a few seconds, before Bill rubs his hands against his thighs and asks, "S-s-so, Mike, how's th-th-the travelling going?"

Ben leans forward, showing sudden interest "Yes, man, where you've been?"

Mike sits back and stretches out his arms, finally resting his hands behind his neck.

"It's been great, really" he says with a sincere smile "Haven't travelled much, though. I'm staying in Florida for the time being. The weather is just-- it's nothing like Maine. Everything is going great, it's-- yeah, really good"

"Th-th-that's great, man"

"It was about time you got out of that shithole" Stan adds.

Ben nods in agreement and stares at Bill, who looks back at him with a frown.

"Pretty sure that was a question"

"Yep, Big Bill" Richie says "you gotta drink"

Richie turns to Eddie again and cocks his head to the side playfully, "So, Eds, how's your mo- I mean wife?"

"Fucking hilarious" he says and gets all defensive. He can't help it, it's an automatic response, "You're so funny... I don't get why you haven't closed a Netflix deal yet. They must be waiting for Louie CK

to get another harassment lawsuit, I'm sure when that happens you'll be the next person they call to fill that spot"

Richie stares at him, smile as wide as it can get. "Look at you! And here I thought your mom took your balls to the grave!"

Richie wonders if that went too far but Eddie's expression doesn't change, he's not uncomfortable.

"Funny how I'm supposed to be the one with mommy issues, yet you're the one who won't shut up about her" Eddie smirks at him, taking pleasure in the general "ouch" response it gets from the rest of their friends.

Richie smirks back but he's getting restless. "Eds, you keep this up and we're gonna need a room". This earns him a couple of laughs from Bill and Mike, but Ben's is quieter. "I have the feeling you're just deflecting my question and that means you gotta drink, buddy!"

"I'm not deflecting shit, dickwad. I just don't get why the fuck you're so interested"

"Sounds like you are, though" Stan cuts in.

He snaps his head at Stan "Why are you on his team all of a sudden?"

"I'm not on anyone's team" he says matter-of-factly "I'd rather be getting drunk like normal people do, without silly games. But we're playing and those are the rules"

Eddie stares at him, weighing his options, but he's right, he knows he's right.

"Okay. Fine"

He takes the shot, chugs it down and sets it back with a thud.

"You gotta drink yours too, asshole" he says, pointing a finger at Richie.

"With pleasure, my friend" and Richie does as he's told.

The remaining shots are drunk after that, but Richie, to everyone's surprise, doesn't use his last one to wind Eddie up. After the shots, it comes the gambling. Someone (Richie) suggests they go to the hotel casino and Mike seconds his proposal a little too enthusiastically. Stan seems indecisive at first but somehow Bill is keeping the alcohol coming and the more he drinks, the less he cares.

Once they step into the casino, slots are their first choice. It's a classic. There's no strategy, just luck. They lose a fair amount of money, but manage to win some back. They leave the slots when Eddie starts barking at an old lady because *'that was my fucking machine, ma'am!'*

What follows after is craps. It doesn't have the glamour films portray; it's just a bunch of inebriated people yelling numbers, rolling dices and complaining about the outcome. Richie swears he's good at it, blowing into his hand and focusing on the number before rolling the dice time after time. He doesn't win once.

When they reach the roulette, Eddie's lost count of how many drinks he's had. *Shots, then gintonic, then beer--* he shakes his head off, closes his eyes as if to focus *No, no. It was shots, beer, vodka... then gintonic? Fuck, I can't think straight.* His cheeks feel hot, and they're probably rosy, and he can't for the life of him stop giggling at absolutely everything.

The rest of the group doesn't look any better. For a big guy like Ben, he sure looks like he's going to pass out any moment now. He's holding onto Mike to maintain his standing position, and he's leaning over him, saying something just inches away from his ear.

Mike catches Eddie's quizzical look, and says (louder than he should) "He's just telling me how perfect Bev is and how much he loves her!"

Eddie raises his glass —he can't even remember what's in it anymore — and nods at him in response.

Stan, who seemed so reluctant just a couple of hours before, is currently grabbing Richie by the shoulders, looking up at him and

saying things like “I really appreciate you, man. I know I’m--I’m always being sarcasting and-- and telling you that-- that-- you’re a pain in the ass, and that--that-- you’re not funny but-- I don’t believe it. Well-- I believe it just a bit but-- but I love you, dude. You’re--you’re a good bloke”.

Out of nowhere, Bill’s arm wraps Eddie’s shoulders and brings him closer, only to say “Eeeeeeddie” right into his ear. Eddie can’t help but giggle, *again*.

“I’m... very drunk” he goes on to say, lazily pointing a finger at him. “And you’re very drunk too”. No sign of the stutter.

Eddie straightens, puts on a serious face, “I’m not drunk, I’m just dizzy” but is unable to hold back the guffaw that takes over both them.

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Richie has never been this drunk ever. And yet, he's not a tired drunk, he's excited, he feels like dancing, maybe singing. So they move to a karaoke saloon, the have their own private booth. Ben is mostly unconscious from the moment they sit him on the couch. He didn't expect Ben to be such a lightweight.

The first round is between Bill and Richie, and Eddie doesn't think he can be more embarrassed than this, but then Stan and Mike have a go at it and, boy, was he wrong. Richie is sitting beside him laughing his ass off. Stan can't sing for shit. It's even worse than Bill.

They try to wake Ben up to sing with Eddie but he's not having it, so Richie takes his place. And they end up singing Dancing Queen.

It goes terribly. It doesn't sound nothing like the original, they stumble upon the lyrics and top it off by screaming their lungs off at the chorus. Stan covers his ears to block as much noise as he can while Mike loudly cheers for them like a groupie. It's a complete mess, but it's the most fun Eddie's had in years.

When the song comes to an end, they both flop down on the couch, exhausted. Eddie's face hurts from smiling but he can't help it. There's



nothing that could make him stop grinning like a goof right now. He feels so good. He feels so fucking good.

Bill erupts through the door and Richie almost feels bad that he's so drunk he didn't even notice he left in the first place, but the moment he sees Bill is carrying a tray full of shots he jumps from the couch to get two and then collapses on it again, without spilling the liquor.

Stan sits up and unsuccessfully tries to stop Richie from getting the shots. His movements are everything but coordinated, but somehow he manages to grab Richie's arm.

"You ssshould ssstop drinking, maybe?" he says, dragging the words along.

Richie gives one of the shots to Eddie and their fingers grace each other as they pass it. Then he pats Stan on the head successfully pushing him back into the couch. "Go drunk, you're home" and he laughs. "I've never been this drunk and I feel great, come on, lighten up, man!"

He quickly records a short boomerang clip of Stan frowning drunkenly at Eddie and him and uploads to his instagram account.

Without second thought, Eddie takes the shot Richie's given him.

"Look what you'rre doing to poorrr Eddie" Stan says. "You'rree corrup--corrupting him"

Eddie looks at Stan and leans forward, hand wrapping around Richie's arm for balance "Hey, smartass," but the way his lips curve proves there's no bite in his words, "nobody is making me do anything, okay? I'm a full-- I'm a fully grown man--"

"You're kinda tiny" Richie intervenes.

"Shut up" he tells him. "I'm a fully grown man that can make his own choices and-- and I want this" and as he says it, he takes one of the remaining shots in the trail (belonging to passed out Ben and Stan) and chugs it down.

Richie's arm is on fire. Eddie's still holding it for no reason and he's so

drunk he might as well enjoy it while it lasts.

"I'm just gonna lay over here, just in case someone ends up vomiting. And by someone I mean Richie" Stan mutters from his side of the couch. Mike's been singing for a few minutes, and Bill is trying to join him but he doesn't know the lyrics. That or he can't read for shit.

As soon as Eddie hears the word *vomiting*, the tiniest part of his brain that still holds some common sense, reacts and he lets go off of Richie's arm like it burns, putting some distance between the two of them by scooting over to the side.

Richie looks at Stan like he just kicked a puppy and then turns to Eddie, drunkenly. "No, no, no, c'mere, Eds. No one's throwing up tonight." He tries to grab a hold of Eddie who's scooting over to the left as far from Richie as possible. Richie finally manages to climb over him and places a hand near his heart. "I swear on your mom's vagina".

Eddie grimaces, scrunching up his face "That's fucking disgusting, Richie" then looks up at him; he's very close, and he's smiling. It's one of those drunk smiles-- very loose, very goofy. "I swear to God, if you fucking throw up on me-- No, no, if you fucking throw up anywhere near me--"

Richie muses and pretends to gag which has Eddie widening his eyes and gasping, his arms grab Richie's so he doesn't come any closer, but then Richie starts laughing. "Wouldn't throw up on you, Eds, who do you take me for?"

"But I do have to pee" Richie frees himself from Eddie's hold and gets up fast. So fast he almost trips over the coffee table.

"I take you for what you are. And what you are is a fucking animal". Eddie says, as he stands up and feels off-balance, the alcohol rushing up to his head. "Wait-- I'll go with you, I have to pee too".

Richie looks him up and down. "You sure you'll make it to the toilet?"

"The fuck you're trying to say, dipshit? Of course I will!"

Richie pats Bill on the back as they leave the room, and Bill falls forward.

Drunkenly walking through the corridors of a Las Vegas hotel is one of the most difficult things Eddie has endured —and he's fought and defeated a killer clown. He stops every few steps, tries to steady himself up and resumes the staggering.

Now that he's standing, his limbs seem heavier than usual and he feels the sudden need to lean on something, let some of that weight be taken off of him.

The closest thing is Richie, so Eddie wraps a hand around Richie's upper-arm and rests his head on his shoulder.

Richie freezes briefly at the unexpected contact, but he pulls himself together before Eddie can notice him tensing up.

They walk like that the rest of the way to the toilet, Eddie's body pressed against Richie's. It's a miracle they both don't stumble and fall forward. Or backwards, or sideways-- anything could've happened considering the state they were in.

But it's nice, having someone let you lean on them, fully knowing they'll do their best to keep you walking on a straight line even if they can't do that themselves.

There's no one in the toilet which is both strange, considering the building is full of drunk people, and comforting because Richie doesn't want to embarrass himself more than necessary. He sets one of the urinals that's far from the entrance and unzips and pulls his dick out to take a leak.

That's when Eddie sets in the one right beside him, humming to the music coming from one of the near karaoke rooms.

Eddie mirrors Richie's actions, not even mildly bothered by the fact that their shoulders are virtually brushing against each other.

Richie feels himself sober up instantly at the realization of how close they are and how weird this is, but says nothing. Just tries not to do anything that'll make this even weirder.

So they pee, as if they weren't side to side in an empty men's room with plenty space for a football team to train in. And there are few things more liberating than peeing when you're insanely drunk and had been holding it for far too long, so Eddie can't help but tilt his head back and let out a breath when that freeing sensation washes over him.

And it's like a bucket of iced-water runs down Richie's back. So he has to say something or he'll combust. "That good, huh? You kinky bastard"

Eddie sighs, and a smile creeps in, "Why do you have to make everything sexual, asshole?" There's no bite in the insult, none whatsoever.

"Been too long, I guess" he mutters and finishes.

Eddie smiles through heavy-lidded eyes, the dim lights of the toilets are making him sleepy. *'Why the fuck would they pick this lightning for a men's room?'* but then thinks *'probably so you can't peep over other people's dicks'*.

"That's the second time tonight you answer a question without fucking around" then zips and walks over the sink to wash his hands "I'm impressed"

Richie follows him. "Don't sound so smug, you little shit." And he raises his hand and tries to touch Eddie. Eddie looks confused at first but then realises Richie hasn't washed his hands yet and jumps back, almost falling.

Richie starts cackling and has to lean on the sink before he falls too.

"It's not funny, dipshit! It's very unsen--unsanite-- unsanitary, *fuck*." Eddie says, but seeing Richie bent over the sink laughing his ass off, cracks him up.

They come out of the toilet after Richie washes his hands, and Eddie grabs his arm again to steady himself.

"Which one was our booth?"

"Number six" he says firmly, but then, "Or was it nine?-- No, no, it was six, yeah... definitely six"

Richie ignores Eddie's warm body pressed against his side as they walk. But Eddie keeps laughing and Richie finds his laugh pretty fucking amusing.

They reach their destination but the booth is empty.

"Maaan, I think they left without us"

"What?" Eddie says, pushing Richie aside and sticking his head in. "Where the fuck did they go?"

Richie moves away from the door and stands with his back against the corridor wall. "So, what now?" he asks.

Eddie turns his head to look at him, boring into his eyes in a way that makes Richie shiver, "I'm not done for tonight" he says, poking Richie's chest with his finger. "Fuck these guys. We don't need them to have fun".

Richie suppresses a gasp and looks at him in drunken wonder. "Mr. Kaspbrak, you're a menace." he says in one of his feminine voices. "Lead the way, compadre!!!"

So he does. He turns around, grabs Richie's wrist and drags him along. Richie wonders when Eddie's ability to walk surely came back. It's like the faster they walk the easier it gets. If they were to go for a slow walk, he'd end up falling on his face on some wall. It's almost as if drunkenness had been set aside and determination had taken over him.

They go back to the casino, play some more, lose some more. Drink some more.

In the end, Eddie gets each of them one more shot, which Richie nearly refuses. Nearly because in all honesty, there are very few things Richie would say no to if Eddie asked. And there's probably nothing he'd say no to if he asked the right way.

They're back at the slots, Richie is sitting on the stool in front of the

machine and Eddie is pressed against his back, chin propped against his shoulder. Richie tries to pinpoint the moment Eddie became so physical, he needs to find out the exact number of drinks he'd had before getting all touchy. He needs that *fucking* number, and he needs to never again let him drink that much because it's driving him crazy.

"I know what we're doing now!" Eddie blurts.

Richie turns his head only just, afraid if he does more he'll find Eddie just *too* close. He raises an eyebrow skeptically, but Eddie moves over and meets his gaze-- wide, gleaming eyes staring at him, rose-cheeked, a smile curving into a thin smile when he says "Come with me"

And Richie can't be held responsible for going along with it.

It's ten minutes later, when they reach their destination and they're standing in front of the tackiest Las Vegas chapel, that Richie regrets his decision.

"No, nno, nnno, sssh" Eddie is saying, "Hear me out", but his head is spinning.

Richie's eyes keep going back and forth between the entrance and Eddie.

"How many times are you going to have the opportunity to get married in Las Vegas?--" he asks, as if the question makes total sense, then points his head inside. "And to have it officiated by a drag queen, huh?"

Richie stares at him like Eddie just lit up the stars in the sky —and also had gone completely mad.

And then he thinks '*why the fuck not, it's not real anyway*'.

The chances of him crying his eyes out when he sobbers up tomorrow however, those are gonna be fucking real as shit. But he can't care less at the moment. His vision is blurry, but Eddie is so fucking handsome. And tiny. "Hell yeah, bro". Because saying 'bro' makes it less gay.

Eddie beams, raises both his arms and hollers, “WOOHOO, LET’S GET FUCKING MARRIED!”

Richie shushes him, making him lower his arms in the process, but it achieves nothing. Eddie looks like an excited puppy, looking everywhere for God knows what. An old man passes by and Eddie grabs him by the sleeve of his jacket, “Sir?”

The old man looks at Eddie, not that he has any other option, as his jacket is being held hostage, “Would you be our witness?”, then goes on to clarifying, “my friend and I are getting married”.

He looks them up and down, probably thinking they’re far too drunk to be doing this, but shrugging off the thought.

“I guess I could, yes” he says, solemnly.

Richie smiles to himself in disbelief. Is this happening for real? *‘Who cares’* he thinks.

After the man agrees, Eddie thanks him and sprints inside the chapel, leaving both Richie and the old guy behind. He sticks his head out less than a minute later, “What are you waiting for? Get in here”.

And he does, he walks into the chapel, dumbfounded, and followed by the nameless man. Eddie greets him by shoving a jacket at him, “Put it on” It’s not a suggestion, it’s an order.

Richie would rather have Eddie ordering him around to take his clothes off, not putting more on, but he’s not about to complain. Mainly because he isn’t even sure this is real. Half of his brain is convinced he fell asleep on that couch next to Ben and is having the weirdest drunk dream ever. Because the whole thing doesn’t make any sense. So he goes with it and puts the jacket on. It’s white. It’s an Elvis’ replica.

He sees Eddie rummaging through other clothing people left in the hall. “What are you wearing, Eddie-bear?” he says, trying to imitate Mrs. Kaspbrak’s voice.

He finds a horrendous Hawaiian shirt and a colorful feather boa that’ll go with it if you don’t really care about matching colors or

fashion in general. He puts the shirt over his clothes and the feather boa around his neck, not fully wrapping it around.

It's the worst outfit Richie's ever seen and he still thinks Eddie looks good in it, so he takes out his phone and snaps a picture. Oddly enough, Eddie doesn't protest.

But then again, there is nothing normal about tonight.

Time passes for Richie like it's something physical, something his eyes can perceive. Eddie is gone for a while, ran out the door and came back five minutes later with something to fill in. In the state he's in, he simply does what he's told.

Then, he is once more dragged by Eddie, and he hates how much he's enjoying feeling Eddie's fingers wrapping his wrist. One moment he's stumbling over his feet, and the next he's standing before the tallest drag queen he's ever seen —not that he has seen many—.

He pulls out his phone again and starts recording an instagram story, pointing it at Eddie. They're both laughing their asses off. Richie turns the phone around and does a thumbs up gesture right before ending the video and uploading it.

The drag queen, that introduces herself as Annie Hole, clears her throat in a useless attempt to catch their attention.

"Gentlemen," she says, placing a hand on Eddie's shoulder, her endless nails scratching slightly at the fabric of the shirt, "if I could have your attention".

They can't stop laughing. Richie's so nervous it's like he's getting drunker by the minute. And Eddie is so close he can feel his body heat. Or maybe it's the jacket. He thinks if suddenly a fire started in this chapel his jacket would probably be an accelerator. He makes a note to himself of not telling Eddie about it. He'd freak out.

Before he can stop himself he moves and sets his arm around Eddie's shoulders. He can't come up with any witty remarks. The situation is too surreal.

"Dearly beloved," she says once she has their attention. The old man,



whose name ended up being Robert, sits behind them, “we are gathered here tonight to join these two men in hole-y,” and winks at them, “matrimony”.

Richie cackles, like the child he is, and is surprised to find Eddie giggling as well.

“It is the intent that your marriage will be for life and that only death,” she leans forward, hand covering half her face, and whispers “*or the Trump administration can separate you*”

Having him pressed against his body, Eddie feels Richie stiffen. He looks up at him and grins reassuringly. It's all it takes to make him loosen up.

Eddie's attention is snatched back from him when Annie speaks, “Edward”.

“Eddie” he interjects.

So she starts again, “Eddie, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband? Do you promise to love him, comfort him, and keep him, in sickness and in health, whether he's a top or a bottom, and even if he behaves like a raging bitch because you misplaced the remote control *again*, so long as you both shall live?”

“He'd be the one misplacing things” he says, but nods “I do”.

Annie Hole then proceeds to repeat those same words, but this time they're aimed at Richie. When she refers to him as Richard, he's not able to correct her himself, instead it's Eddie who cuts her off and asks her to call him Richie. “*Is that a kink I don't know of?*” she had asked.

And she gets to the part where he's supposed to say ‘*I do*’.

Richie laughs to himself, looking down, like this is all a fever dream. Then looks at Eddie, who's still under his arm. “Your mom would love this”, he cackles right after the comment.

Eddie holds his gaze, “Fuck my mom”

And Richie's heart is about to burst, "Fuck yeah, I do, man".

Annie Hole smiles widely, putting her hands together, "Do you have rings to present as a symbolic confirmation of your promise to each other?"

They looked at each other. "We forgot the fucking rings" Eddie laughs.

"It's alright," Annie says, "you don't need them". Then mutters, "I just hope you came better prepared for later tonight".

Richie chokes on his saliva, but that doesn't stop her from resuming the ceremony. "By the authority committed unto me, I pronounce you husband and husband, according to the law of the State of Nevada".

Then the briefest pause before she says, "You may now seal your promise with a kiss"

There's no time for Richie to react, he's pulling out his phone to record another story for his instagram, and just as he hits recording, Eddie grabs him by the lapels of his Elvis jacket and pecks him on the lips. When he pulls apart, Richie's face can only be described as dumbstruck, mouth hanging open like a gaping fish and eyelids blinking way more than strictly necessary.

Richie's finger, which is still pressing onto the recording button, lets go. Eddie takes the phone away from his hands and watches the recording on loop, cackling as he turns the phone to show Annie.

Just when Richie thinks he's getting his phone back, Eddie takes a last look at the lit screen before hitting send, "Oops".

### **Author's Note:**

More to come